

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

This Paper is published early every Saturday Morning; and is forwarded, in Weekly, Monthly or Quarterly Parts, throughout the British Dominions.

No. 156.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1822.

Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

The Poems of Ossian, translated by James Macpherson, Esq. Authenticated, illustrated, and explained, By Hugh Campbell, Esq. F. A. S. Ed. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 700. London, 1822.

WE confess ourselves admirers of the Poems of Ossian, nor is our admiration in the least diminished by a firm conviction that they are almost wholly the productions of James Macpherson; indeed, we are at a loss to conceive how any person can still believe in their authenticity, after reading Mr. Malcolm Laing's Critical and Historical Dissertation on the subject, and the Report of the Committee of the Highland Society, in 1810, which was drawn up by Mr. Mackenzie, the chairman of the committee. Mr. Laing, whose reasoning we thought conclusive, contended that the poems published by Macpherson contained several false and incorrect allusions to the History of Britain; that the manners depicted in Ossian were more refined than those in the Highlands at a much later period; and he exhibited several palpable imitations of the Greek and Roman classics, with which it will scarcely be contended that Ossian was acquainted.

The Report of the Committee of the Highland Society, which was formed after a most laborious and diligent inquiry, states that,—

‘The committee can with confidence state its opinion that such poetry did exist: that it was common, general, and in great abundance; that it was of a most impressive and striking sort, in a high degree eloquent, tender, and sublime. The committee is possessed of no documents to shew how much of his collection Mr. M. obtained in the form of what he has given to the world. The poems and fragments which the committee has been able to preserve, contain often the substance, and sometimes almost the literal expression, the *ipsissima verba*, of passages given by Mr. Macpherson in the poems of which he has published translations; but the committee has not been able to obtain any one poem, the same in title and tenor with the poems published by him. It is inclined to believe that he

was in use to supply chasms, and to give connection by inserting passages which he did not find, and to add what he conceived to be dignity and delicacy to the original composition, by striking out passages, by softening incidents, by refining the language; in short, by changing what he considered as too simple or too rude for a modern ear, and elevating what in his opinion was below the standard of good poetry. To what degree, however, he exercised those liberties, it is impossible for the committee to determine. The advantages he possessed, which the committee began its inquiries too late to enjoy, of collating from the oral recitation of a number of persons now no more, a very great number of the same poems on the same subjects, and collating those different copies or editions, if they may be so called, rejecting what was spurious or corrupted in one copy, and adopting from another, something more genuine and excellent in its place, afforded him an opportunity of putting together what might fairly enough be called an original whole; of much more beauty and with much fewer blemishes than the committee believes it now possible for any person or combination of persons to obtain.’

Mr. Campbell, who is certainly entitled to great praise for his unremitting zeal and industry in his ingenious researches, seems so fully convinced that he has established the authenticity of Ossian, that he speaks contemptuously of those who even doubt it. Malcolm Laing he calls a ‘parallel passage hunter,’ and avoids entering into any refutation of what he calls ‘the *verbiage* of former sticklers, editors, and commentators;’ determined, he says, ‘to leave Ossian standing before posterity on the two rocks upon which I have now placed him—geography and history.’

Mr. Campbell principally rests the authenticity of Ossian's Poems on his having traced in Ireland some of the scites of the battles and other events related in them, as well as the identity of some of the personages mentioned; but if he had ascertained the identity of all the heroes of Ossian, and of every scene described in these poems, these would not have established that Ossian was an epic poet, or that the works attributed to him were really the productions of a bard fourteen centuries ago.

It has never been contended that these poems were the pure fictions of Macpherson; it was well known that many traditional tales did exist of the personages and the wars mentioned in the poems, and of these Macpherson fully and ably availed himself. Having said thus much, we shall quote from a part of Mr. Campbell's ingenious dissertation, his illustration of Temora. He says,—

‘The many remains of antiquity in this neighbourhood—such as ruins, caves, and stones, on the scites of battles, render Connor beyond a doubt the Temorah, Teamrah, or Emania of the ancients. It is situate about twelve miles west of Carrickfergus—Tura—and nearly in the angle formed by Lochneagh and the river Bann to the east, on the banks of Kellswater, a tributary of the Bann, or, rather, the main water.

‘There is a tradition extant, that this was the residence or castle of a king, named Connor, whose name it still bears!—and, from many concurrent circumstances, I am bold to assert, that all the scenery around Connor agrees as perfectly in every point with the description of Ossian, as the scenery around Loch Catrine does with the description of Sir Walter Scott.

‘The allusions are many which the poet makes to Connor—Temora—to cite all of which would be waste of time; but, I shall here observe, that my discoveries, aided by the silence of the Poems on the subject, induce me to believe that the poet and his gallant father never penetrated into the interior of Ireland—and, that their progress seems to have been no farther than the fields of battle on the Heath of Lena, and in the vicinity of Connor—in consequence of the enemy—whether of the Belgæ, or of Lochlin, wishing, nay, attempting to dethrone his young kinsman, the minor king, Cormac, whose wants required and occasioned the frequent descents of his protector Fingal upon Ireland. And I infer, from the Poems, that immediately after he had defeated the enemies of the young king, or restored peace by treaty, he found it necessary, from his wars with the Romans, Scandinavians, and others, to return to Morven.

‘I have farther to remark, with respect to the antiquity of the old castle or ruins of Connor, that when Sir Edward Bruce assumed the sovereignty of Ireland in 1316, he found it necessary to reduce this

city, which is reported to have been very strong at the time of his invasion; and that he found as powerful, though, to him, not so fatal a resistance here as he did at Dundalk. The castle of the kings was even then in ruins, which is a convincing proof of its antiquity.

'I have often visited the ruins, and, as far as I have been enabled to judge, I imagine the walls to be coeval with those of Carrickfergus castle—Tura—but they are now only a few feet above the surface. Should any doubts be entertained of this castle having been the residence of some of the early potentates of this country, might we not also, and with much more reason, doubt the generally accredited tale of the ruins shown at Dunscaich, in the Isle of Sky, and the stone to which Cuchullin is said to have fastened his dog, Luath?—if one has the most remote or probable foundation in truth, the other is far more than equally and rationally founded.

'Connor was a place of such note in the time of St. Patrick, that the apostle ordered an abbey, whose ruins are still standing, to be built there. It has ever since been a conspicuous place in the church history of Ireland; and is, I believe, both a Catholic and a Protestant's bishop's see—at least, it was the former in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and is now joined to Down as a Protestant see, although there is but one family of the Church of England residing in the parish! For so effectual were the plans of Cromwell, for the extermination of the Catholics, that this parish, formerly the capital seat of the Catholics in the north of Ireland, contains only three or four Catholic families—and these, I understand, returned to it after the restoration. The majority are Presbyterians, whose ancestors of the covenant found an asylum in its neighbourhood from the religious persecutions in Scotland, in the latter part of the seventeenth century.

'Having thus discovered Connor, and ascertained it to be the celebrated Temora of the Scots, and Cermania of the Irish, I have to cite a few passages from the poems that tend to elucidate and to confirm the other places which I have fixed, or rather, mentioned, as being in its neighbourhood; and, as the identical scenes which my ardour and conjectures would make them, by strict analogy, deduced from a comparison of descriptions of the poet, and the observations and discoveries of his editor.

'As we proceed in the first book of Fingal, we find many beautiful allusions made to Cromla, as being in the immediate neighbourhood of the Heath of Lena, the scene of that poem. And, from the striking appearance of its romantic scenery, and the frequency of mists on its summit, at particular seasons of the year, as noticed by Ossian, we may safely conjecture that it held a conspicuous place in the mind of the poet, which we find to have been fondly stored with all that is grand in na-

ture and sublime in thought. To know that Cromla is a mountain rising up from the chain or line of hills which bounds the Heath of Lena, and make one part of my discoveries ascertain and fix the other, we have only to look at the poet's own description of a battle in that neighbourhood.

'"Unequal bursts the song of battle. Rocky Cromla echoes round. On Lena's dusky heath they stand, like mist that shades the hills of autumn, when broken and dark, it settles high, and lifts its head to heaven."

'Here, it is to be observed, that the warriors on the dusky heath of Lena shouted so loud in battle, that Cromla echoed around—a proof, at least, of its vicinity to the Heath of Lena, and of the rational grounds upon which I have built my system of proving these admirable and animating poems, by geographical deductions.

'Nathos, nephew of Cuchullin, a native of the Isle of Sky, or Mist, tells his love—his young love Darthula, "I remember thy words on Etha—a district of Sky—when my sails began to rise—when I spread them towards Ullin—Ulster—towards the mossy wall of Tura"—Carrickfergus! Again he says, "I came to Tura's bay; but the halls of Tura were silent." Here the young warrior is evidently made to regret the absence of his uncle Cuchullin from Tura, which is likely to have been his head quarters as generalissimo of the Caledonian-Irish army of the young king Cormac. The many allusions made to Tura particularly tend to place beyond a doubt, the natural conjecture, that one is apt to conceive, on looking at the corresponding positions of Morven—Argyleshire—and Tura Carrickfergus—and prove to us, that it is the very spot known by that name. Duchomar came to Tura's cave, and spoke to the lovely Morna—"Morna, fairest among women, lovely daughter of Cormac—Cairbar, why in the circle of stones? in the cave of the rock alone? The stream murmurs hoarsely: the old trees groan in the wind. The lake—Belfast Loch—is troubled before thee, and dark are the clouds of the sky. But thou art like snow on the heath, and thy hair is like the Mist of Cromla. Thy breasts are like two smooth rocks seen from Branno of the streams. Thine arms are like two white pillars in the hall of the mighty Fingal."

'This beautiful compliment of the poet, so feelingly and elegantly expressed, I have noted, merely to show that Ossian compares all the enumerated charms of this sorrowing, but lovely woman, to the scenery that immediately surrounded him. Let us examine the facts, and see how conjecture corresponds with the scenery in reality. He was at Tura's cave—Carrickfergus—the small stream that falls into the loch or sea, near it, murmured hoarsely as it were lamenting to see the lovely Morna so sorrowful. Belfast Lough was troubled before her, and even the clouds of the sky seem to commiserate the fair

Morna, and appeared troubled. But still, amidst her grief, she was fair and pure as the snow on the Heath of Lena—her hair was like the mist of Cromla! soft and downy; her breasts were like two smooth rocks seen from the Branno of the Streams—a place ever fondly alive in the memory of the poet—for it was there that he married with his much-loved Everallin, the mother of his son, the young and gallant Oscar. This Branno of the Streams was near Lisburn, and only about six miles from the Heath of Lena.'

Mr. Campbell denies that Fingal, as some have asserted, was an Irishman; his progress in Ireland appears to have never exceeded twenty miles from the coast. After an elaborate argument, Mr. Campbell thus concludes his inquiry:—

'To conclude,—if Fingal was an Irishman, his son Ossian, and his translator, have more than ingeniously evaded giving any hint by which he might be ascertained to have been born in Ireland;—and, on the contrary, have given the most convincing proofs that he was a Caledonian, and that his frequent descents upon Ireland were solely occasioned by the wants of his kinsmen of the race of Connor, Kings of Ireland! Now, as there is every reason to believe that Mr. Macpherson never was in Ireland, nor any of the Highland peasants from whom he had the oral originals of the elegant poems of Ossian; and, as the geographers of that excellent island are wholly silent on many, indeed all, of the places, which I have here attempted to bring to light, as sacred to the heroic actions of Fingal, and the never languid, never dying strains of his noble-minded son; so, I presume, it may be safely asserted, that the poems of Ossian are the genuine effusions of the era of that father of Scottish and of sublime poetry; who, from a state of rude, though polished barbarism, if I may use the expression, poured forth a stream of sensibility, dazzling by the brightness of bravery and enthusiasm of patriotism; that, had it come down to us by an explorer of Herculeum, as the work of a Greek or Roman, instead of through the long-doubted hands of the inconsistent Macpherson—it would have invaded our partial and too fastidious hearts with the irresistible force of lightning, and with the electric ardour of every idea that conspires to animate, exalt, and, at the same time, to astonish and chain the intellectual empire, as by magic, to all that is truly feeling, noble, and sublime—the common effects of a mighty name! Without the passport from the classic vine-covered hills of Italy, I know those on whom the poems of Ossian have had the above ennobling effect, though they came from the rugged mountains of Caledonia.'

Now, although we are by no means convinced by the reasoning of Mr. Campbell, yet we strongly recommend his edition of Ossian to all who admire

the poems or feel an interest in their authenticity; since, in addition to his own ingenious Essay, the work contains the whole of the poems, with the dissertations of Dr. Hugh Blair, as well as those of Macpherson.

The Works of John Home, Esq., now first Collected: to which is prefixed an Account of his Life and Writings. By Henry Mackenzie, Esq. 3 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1822.

THE author of the 'Man of Feeling,' though now at a very advanced age, seems to have sustained no decay of his mental powers; but, on the contrary, he has given a memoir of his friend Mr. Home, written with all the ardour and spirit of youth. This memoir, which is a plain unvarnished tale, in which, however, the man of feeling is often exhibited, was read to the Royal Society of Edinburgh by the author, who now gives it to the public in the only collected edition of the works of the celebrated author of Douglas.

John Home, the son of the town-clerk of Leith, was born at that port, in September, 1722. He was educated at the grammar-school of his native place, and afterwards at the University of Edinburgh, where he formed a lasting friendship with Doctors Blair, Robertson, and Drysdale. He was destined for the church, and in due season was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Edinburgh, in 1745; but the rebellion then breaking out, furnished an occasion for Home to gratify that military ardour and chivalrous spirit which his natural temperament and favourite course of reading had produced. He entered as volunteer in a loyal corps, which was formed in Edinburgh with the original purpose of defending that city from the rebels. In this corps he served at the unfortunate battle of Falkirk, and, after the defeat, was taken prisoner, along with some others of his fellow volunteers, and committed to the castle of Donne, in Perthshire; from which the party contrived to escape by cutting their bed-clothes into ropes, and letting themselves down from the window of the room in which they were confined. Of Home's character at this early period in his life his biographer says—

'His temper was of that warm susceptible kind which is caught with the heroic and the tender, and which is more fitted to delight in the world of sentiment than to succeed in the bustle of ordinary life. This is a disposition of mind well suited to the poetical character, and, accordingly,

all his earliest companions agree that Mr. Home was, from his childhood, delighted with the lofty and heroic ideas which embody themselves in the description or narrative of poetry. One of them, nearly a coeval of Mr. Home's, our respected and venerable colleague, Dr. A. Ferguson, says, in a letter to me, that Mr. Home's favourite model of a character, on which, indeed, his own was formed, was that of Young Norval, in his tragedy of Douglas, one endowed with chivalrous valour and romantic generosity, eager for glory beyond every other object, and, in the contemplation of future fame, entirely regardless of the present objects of interest or ambition. It was upon this ideal model of excellence that Mr. Home's own character was formed, and the same glowing complexion of mind which gave it birth, coloured the sentiments and descriptions of his ordinary discourse; he had a very retentive memory, and was fond of recalling the incidents of past times, and of dramatizing his stories by introducing the names and characters of the persons concerned in them.'

Home's first dramatic effort was the tragedy of Agis, which he offered to Garrick in 1749; but the Roscius rejected it, and the author poured forth his complaint in some lines which he wrote on Shakespear's monument in Westminster Abbey. Garrick's judgment was not infallible; for, in 1755, he rejected Home's next tragedy of Douglas, as totally unfit for representation on the stage. It was, however, brought out at Edinburgh, where it succeeded, and was afterwards transferred to Covent Garden Theatre, of which Mr. Rich was then proprietor. The publication of Douglas is well known to have been followed by the persecution of the author by the church of Scotland; and he only avoided public censure and punishment by abdicating his ministerial functions. Home, however, found support elsewhere:—

'The elder Sheridan, then manager of the theatre at Dublin, sent Mr. Home a gold medal, in testimony of his admiration of Douglas; and his wife, a woman not less respectable for her virtues than for genius and accomplishments, drew the idea of her admired novel of Sydney Biddulph, (as her introduction bears,) from the genuine moral effect of that excellent tragedy.'

'Amidst the censures of the Church, the public suffrage was strong in its favour, and the houses were crowded every night of its representation. Perhaps the success of the play excited the envy of some as much as the nature and species of its composition, and the situation of its author, produced the censure of others; for, among the *jeux d'esprit* produced on the occasion, were some written by men themselves poets, and not at all remarkable for

religious strictness or severe morality. Its defenders were found among all ranks and professions. Mr. Wedderburn, afterwards Lord Loughborough, wrote some of its lighter defences. Mr. Adam Ferguson published a serious pamphlet in defence of the morality of dramatic composition, deduced from Scripture, particularly exemplified in the story of Joseph and his Brethren; Dr. Carlyle, an ironical pamphlet, under the title of "Reasons why the Tragedy of Douglas should be burnt by the hands of the Common Hangman;" and afterwards he wrote a paper, calculated for the lower ranks, which was hawked about the streets, "History of the Bloody Tragedy of Douglas, as it is now performing at the Theatre in the Canongate." This paper had such an effect as to add two more nights to the already unprecedented run of the play.'

Garrick made up for his former neglect by the warmest patronage of Home, and even produced his rejected tragedy of Agis, and a third tragedy, the Siege of Aquileia, on the stage, though without success. Home now published his three tragedies, and dedicated them to his late Majesty, then Prince of Wales, who, on his accession to the throne in the same year, settled a pension of 300l. per annum upon him. Home wrote three other dramas, the Fatal Discovery, Alonzo, and Alfred, but they were all of them unworthy of the author of Douglas. His History of the Rebellion of 1745, the publication of which was so long delayed, was his only prose-work of importance. We shall conclude our biographical sketch of Mr. Home by some additional particulars related in the following letter from Adam Ferguson to Mr. Mackenzie, who had written to him for information:—

'St. Andrews, June.

'MY DEAR SIR,—I am sorry to feel that I can do but little to supply the defects of your materials, in framing the intended Memoir relating to the life of my very particular friend, John Home. My intimacy with him began at College, about the year 1743 or 44. I left Scotland in the summer 1745, did not return till the year 1751, and had no fixed residence in Scotland till near 1760; and my recollection of transactions, or rather of dates, within this whole period, is very imperfect, and even perplexed.

'As to Mr. Home's early visits to London, I heard of one in company with some of Mr. Adams' family, and believe it was then he met with his repulse from Garrick, and made his address to Shakespear's monument. I know not whether he was then presented to Lord Bute, but have heard of his interviews with Mr. Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham. His openness, ardour, and warmth of heart, recommended him equally to Mr. Pitt

and Lord Bute; but the political difference which arose and increased betwixt these personages, lost him the one in the same degree as he acquired the other.

'It was, I think, in his first visit to London, he fell in with Collins, the poet, perhaps introduced by Mr. Barrow, who, as you supposed, was his fellow adventurer in the Castle of Doune, and continued through life his warm and affectionate friend, as I too experienced by Home's recommendation. Home's access to Lord Bute procured Barrow the office of pay master to the army, during the American war, where scores of millions passed through his hands, and left him returning to England, I believe, nearly as poor as he went.

'I lived, as you suppose, with Mr. Home, at Braid, a farm-house two miles south of Edinburgh; but as to the date I can say nothing, but suppose it may have been after the first representation of *Douglas* at Edinburgh, and after he was far gone in the favour of Lord Bute.

'I remember he was then much engaged in versifying, but cannot say what. I think, but may be mistaken, it was in some changes or amendments wished by Lord Bute, in the tragedy of *Agis*; and even in concert with Garrick, who was beginning to regard the influence of Lord Bute more than he had formerly regarded the applications of Home. I am by no means qualified to mention what different subjects or works Mr. Home attempted or executed, as I myself, during the busiest time of his life, was much engaged abroad, sometimes in the Low Countries, in Germany, Switzerland, and even in America. As to any attempt of his in comedy, I never heard of any such thing; and, if the public are not much interested to know the failures as well as successes of literary men, I should be willing to have the attempt in comedy you mention entirely suppressed, as one of the mistakes we commit in moments of dulness or error.

'As to what you call the party at Moffat, I cannot pretend to recollect the date to which it may be referred. I believe it was not any concerted party. John Home was there by himself—lived at the Ordinary—and met with James M'Pherson at the Bowling Green. M'Pherson was there with his pupil, young Graham of Balgoun, [now Lord Lynedoch,] living with his mother, Lady Christian Graham, at her brother, Lord Hopetoun's house, in that village. What passed between John Home and James M'Pherson, I soon after heard of; and had no doubt it was a continuation of what had passed frequently betwixt Home and myself, on the subject of reported traditionary poetry in the Highlands. There was another Highlander there, who, as well as Mr. Home, I understood, obtruded on M'Pherson with inquiries on that subject. M'Pherson confirmed the reports; and, being asked whether he could exhibit any specimens, said he was possessed of several;

and, on Home's wishing to have some translation, M'Pherson agreed, and furnished him with some of those fragments which were afterwards printed in a pamphlet, and drew that public attention which gave rise to the further proceeding on the subject.

'David Hume was not at Moffat when these interviews with M'Pherson took place; he was, you know, a professed sceptic, and cannot properly be said to have ever formally affirmed or denied the authenticity or imposture of the poetry in question. He began, and continued to call for evidence—perhaps for more evidence than the circumstances of the case could admit; but this, you know, is the essence of scepticism;—to most men, day-light is sufficient evidence that the sun is rising or risen; but the sceptic would always have more, even if the rays were vertical.

'As to the project and subscription which afterwards took place, to dispatch M'Pherson to collect more poetry in the Highlands, I was not then in Scotland, nor heard of it till some time afterwards.

'Mr. Home certainly never entertained any doubt that the original of Mr. M'Pherson's translations was traditionary in the Highlands.

'As to the society he mostly frequented at London, you seem to be sufficiently informed. Lord Bute generally treated him with an uncommon degree of affection; their minds were much at unison in all the sentiments of admiration or contempt. The sphere of attentions paid to Mr. Home at London, no doubt extended after the representation of *Douglas*; but I have ever since been too little in London to be apprised of particulars for your information; and, as to the defects of what you might expect from me on the subject of this letter in general, I trust you will forgive it, being now for many years declining, while you and many other younger men are advancing in knowledge and power.

'I am visited sometimes by Dempster, who is possibly too old for your acquaintance, but I call him a youngster, being myself about to enter on my ninetieth year. I am, my dear sir, with great esteem, your most obedient and most humble servant,

'ADAM FERGUSON.'

Mr. Home and the celebrated historian and philosopher, David Hume, were very intimate. Among the papers preserved by Mr. Mackenzie is a journal of the conversations and opinions of Hume, delivered during the progress of a journey which these two friends made to Bath. From this journal we quote a few memoranda:—

'Mr. Hume this day told me, that he had bought a piece of ground; and when I seemed surprised that I had never heard of it, he said it was in the New Churchyard, on the Calton Hill, for a burying-place; that he meant to have a small monument erected, not to exceed in expense

one hundred pounds: that the inscription should be DAVID HUME.

'I desired him to change the discourse. He did so, but seemed surprised at my uneasiness, which he said was very nonsensical. I think he is gaining ground; but he laughs at me, and says it is impossible; that the year (76), sooner or later, he takes his departure. He is willing to go to Bath or travel during the summer through England, and return to Scotland to die at home; but that Sir John Pringle and the whole faculty would find it very difficult to boat him, (formerly an usual phrase in Scotland for going abroad; that is, out of the island for health.) This day we travelled by his desire three stages, and arrived with great ease at Grantham.'

'Prior, after the accession, was reduced to such poverty by the persecution he met with, that he was obliged to publish his works by subscription. Lord Bathurst told Mr. Hume, that he was with Prior reading the pieces that were to be published, and he thought there was not enough to make two small volumes. He asked Prior if he had no more poems? He said, "No more that he thought good enough."—"What is that?" said Bathurst, pointing to a roll of paper.—"A trifle," said Prior, "that I wrote in three weeks, not worthy of your attention or that of the public." Lord Bathurst desired to see it. This neglected piece was *Alma*.'

These volumes contain several interesting letters from various distinguished individuals, including an amusing one from David Hume to Mrs. Dysart on obesity, which he expresses his surprise was never submitted to taxation. He says:—

'Taxes on luxury are always most approved of; and no one will say, that the carrying about a portly belly is of any use or necessity. 'Tis a mere superfluous ornament, and is a proof too, that its proprietor enjoys greater plenty than he puts to a good use; and, therefore, 'tis fit to reduce him to a level with his fellow subjects, by taxes and impositions.

'As the lean people are the most active, unquiet, and ambitious, they every where govern the world, and may certainly oppress their antagonists whenever they please. Heaven forbid that Whig and Tory should ever be abolished, for then the nation might be split into fat and lean, and our faction, I am afraid, would be in piteous taking. The only comfort is, if they oppressed us very much, we should, at last, change sides with them.

'Besides, who knows if a tax were imposed on fatness, but some jealous divine might pretend that the church was in danger.

'I cannot but bless the memory of Julius Cæsar, for the great esteem he expressed for fat men, and his aversion to lean ones. All the world allows, that that emperor was the greatest genius that ever was, and the greatest judge of mankind.'

Memoranda, illustrative of the Tombs and Sepulchral Decorations of the Egyptians; with a Key to the Egyptian Tomb now exhibiting in Piccadilly. Also, Remarks on Mummies and Observations on the Process of Embalming. 8vo. pp. 89. London, 1822.

THE object of the author of this able and elegant little work is twofold:—first, to demonstrate how truly deserving of our attention are the most minute traces existing of Egyptian science, since it evidently possessed secrets of nature with which we are unacquainted; the second point of the author is to present a comprehensive view of the striking analogies in their sepulchral symbols and paintings.

To pave the way for these objects, the researches of M. Belzoni in Egypt have done more than the investigations of any preceding traveller; but those who have read M. Belzoni's own work have regarded it more for facts, than for its reasoning or its deductions. The author of the little work before us has gone farther: he has endeavoured to decipher the characters of the tomb M. Belzoni opened, and to consider them as furnishing a valuable clue to the secrecy of Egyptian mythology. He directs his observations to the tomb of Psammis discovered in the valley of Beben el Malook, and opened by M. Belzoni, and of which he has long exhibited a fac simile in town. He first notices the human form with the hawk's head, a symbol which occurs frequently in every part of the tomb, and which, according to Dr. Young, was called Areuris, the son of the Sun, and the tutelary genius of Egypt, in intimate unison with Osiris, to whom the hawk was dedicated. The globe, the winged serpents, the Scarabeus, the celebrated figure of the circle and cross, the staff or sceptre of life and power, the Egyptian Apis, Isis, the great Egyptian goddess, are all very plausibly explained; but the author shews the most ingenuity in his remarks on the sacred numbers of the Egyptians, although we confess that some of his inferences appear to us rather strained. In his explanation of the various symbols and allegories of the tomb, he displays great industry, genius, and research; and, now that the tomb is still open, we advise such as may wish for information on the subject, to visit it again, having previously, however, carefully digested the present little work, to which it is a valuable and instructive guide. One important

fact is deduced by the author from inspecting the several chambers of the tomb,—the belief of the Egyptians in the immortality of the soul.

The second portion of this work consists of some elaborate and ably written remarks on mummies, and on the process of embalming. He thus commences his dissertation:—

‘The innumerable number of mummies which have been discovered after the lapse of so many ages must suffice to convince us of the high attainments of the Egyptians in the secrets of nature; as such a variety of operations was requisite, of which we are still in great part uninformed, notwithstanding the attempts of the most able modern professors to revive the art. The practice of it upon the immense scale of the population of a country such as Egypt, involves a problem of the highest interest; if to those numberless pits and catacombs of human corpses, are also enjoined the mummies of the Ibis, Dog, Ape, Cat, Crocodile; the Bull Mnevis, Apis, and Isis; the Ram, the Fox, and Horned Asp; in short, of every reptile of the land; we are lost in surprise and amazement how such a process could be established, and if by resins, drugs, or spices, from whence such profuse quantities could be procured and supplied; if by any more summary and inexpensive process, how curious and important might be the recovery of such a secret, applied with modern science, in arresting the progress of putrefaction. De Pauw, and some other writers, assuming what is not fact, have asserted that “the art of embalming bodies did not require, as some have imagined, any deep chemical knowledge; but that a few repeated observations soon discovered the length of time necessary for the alkaline salt to penetrate the skin and flesh.” This remark is perfectly groundless, and experience testifies “that the mere action of saline bodies, and filling the cavities of the body with aromatic herbs, are not sufficient to preserve it from decay; for the most persevering and scientific endeavours to ascertain and analyse the materials and ingredients employed, so as to practise the art, have hitherto totally failed. Belloni and Blumenbach are of opinion, that asphaltum was used in common operations, as being the cheapest; and that, on particular occasions, the odoriferous vegetable resins were chosen; and the latter chemist, on the analazation of ten different mummies, found no asphaltum, but evident traces of vegetable resins. If any reader considers this art as one of easy attainment, and not requiring deep science, he is recommended to the study of Dr. Hunter's elaborate discussion and principles of embalming; which, while they contain the most probable method of emulating the durability of Egyptian embalming, testify, by their tedious, expensive, and laborious process, how very superior must have been the Egyptian mode, which applied its use to

the population of a whole country, as well as to their animals. They also have the testimony of time—the records of more than thirty centuries—to guarantee the perfection and excellence of their art. But in modern days, Louis de Bils, a Dane of Copenhagen, who was extolled as having attained the powers and excellency of the Egyptian embalmers, and who was the most eminent of any modern practitioner, did indeed succeed in exciting these hopes, and perpetuating his fame for near a century; but that little circle of time elapsed, compared with the mummies of the Thebaid (unquestionably 3000 years old, and probably much older), the period of a century only, fully sufficed to reduce his labours to dust; and the fault and defect must unquestionably be in the art itself, as the Egyptian mummies endure in Europe as in their own land. These bodies, also, are often enveloped in coloured silks and bandages of stained linen, of surprising brightness; they are ornamented with gilding as fresh as when first laid on; with pieces of coloured glass, imitative of the finest gems, evidencing their knowledge of staining and cutting them in a manner which merits notice, as well as their enamels also; all these ornaments found around the mummies, are highly preserved, and, as well as the Sycamore chests, resist all the injuries of time, and subsist fresh and perfect for the examination of the curious; they usually have the Nubian cast of countenance, the outline figure traced in black, and the colours, four in number, blue, red, yellow, and green, laid on without any mixture or shading, but altogether forming a composition of very considerable interest. These chests usually have within them small Scarabeus, or the idols of Isis and other deities, in clay and coloured glass, and beautiful enamels: one Scarabeus mentioned in Greaves's *Pyramidographia*, was of a magnet, which, although 3000 years since it was taken from the rock, its natural bed, still retained its attractive magnetic virtue. The recent discoveries of M. Belzoni add also to our stock of information upon the article of the wrappers; and prove in this also, the science and the labour of their embalming, by evincing that there were distinct modes of preservation, and of envelopes, for every cast, that of the priesthood particularly, with a scrupulosity of minute detail that astonishes and marks their high privileges. And, in the consideration of this single point, what will be our thoughts of the knowledge and perfection of the Egyptians in this branch of art, when the highly interesting report of Dr. Granville, in the *London Medical Journal* for October last, upon the opening of a mummy brought from Thebes, describes with the accuracy his professional skill renders more valuable, the high perfection the Egyptians possessed of bandaging different parts of the human body; which, he says, the professional gentlemen present considered as offering a model of the art in question,

scarcely equalled, and certainly not to be surpassed, by the most dexterous of our modern surgeons. "To judge of the model presented," these are his own words, "not only must the art of applying bandages be of very ancient origin, (the mummy being unquestionably upwards of 3000 years old) but it would appear that *no improvement of any importance has been made in that art, in subsequent ages.* In the progress of unfolding the various bands by which the body of the mummy, the head, the arms, and the lower extremities were encircled, almost every species of bandage described in books of surgery, was neatly and artfully applied. The *circular*, the *spiral*, the *uniting*, the *retaining*, the *expellent*, and the *creeping*, were each in succession discovered in some part of the body." The whole particulars of the report are most highly interesting and curious, and must make us highly appreciate the science carried into all the minutiae of the embalming."

The author then proceeds to a minute description of some of the most celebrated mummies that have been preserved, including those of the Dresden Gallery, one at the British Museum, and another recently presented to the Hunterian Museum, Glasgow. The Dresden mummies, which are not supposed to be of a higher antiquity than the time of the Ptolemies, are in the highest preservation of any that are known; and one of them, the male, is valuable from a Greek inscription on its coverture, which induces the idea that it was the mummy of a Greek. This mummy has a coverture made of linen of beautiful texture, embued with a coat of mastic thin enough to receive and fix the colouring. It abounds in gilding and other ornaments, but has not so many Egyptian ornaments as appear on many other mummies. The coverture, which is rudely ornamented, is divided into compartments, in one of which is the Greek inscription:—

"Be happy, fear nothing."

"The second compartment of this splendid vestment, which is by far the richest, presents many curious subjects; in the cross part of the upper band, as well as in the centre line. Elevated in the first division, is the bust of a man, in a frame resembling a throne; this is the emblem of Osiris, the sovereign of the visible and invisible world, the arbiter of life and death, the soul of the universe; on either side is a head, the profile of which is turned outwards, and furnished with wide spreading wings; this is the tutelary deity, who, as Isis or Rhea, protects the soul from the evil genii, and presents it for acceptance to the great god, who, on his throne, is always in these funeral representations delineated with supreme emblems; her wings are symbolic of her power and

force, and mark her protection of this subject from Typhon. On the red ground between Osiris and Isis, and with hieroglyphic characters, are two erect serpents, the symbols of Typhon; they are red, his emblematic colour, against whose approach the outspread wings interpose a protection. The middle compartments, which continue to the bottom, express many interesting subjects. The first, under the image of Osiris, is a bird, the emblem of Osiris as god of the lower regions. The second is the head of Apis, with the Globe. The third is the Sun of the lower world, or Horus, who receives the soul in the regions of death. The fifth is the winged symbol of the Agatho-dæmon, with its outspreading wings, demonstrating the acceptance of, and assured felicity of the soul. The seventh is the branch of a tree or a plant, and the eighth has two branches; these are the Persea leaves, the Pomegranate, and the Lotus, the emblem of the Resurrection, and of Eternal Life. The fourth and sixth describe the sacred character of Pthah or Serapis, the god of the dead, and also has the sacred triangle. All of these symbols are in relief: some are imperfectly expressed, and, on the sides are also seen two lines of branches and flowers, which continue in a waving serpentine, to the very top; these flowers are connected with their view of eternal life, and may signify they should flourish as fresh leaves, and live again as palms and cedars, imperishable. The vase in the right hand appears typical of the purification, to be experienced in the admission to the future life; and many have connected it with a baptism, or mystic washing, which appears on many mummies. The Greek inscription already given, is evidently authentic, for the part where it is placed appears appropriated for it, and is wholly without ornament; it is not even coloured, but preserves its sombre plain hue, which marks the mystery it typifies; but the linen it binds, is perfectly analogous to the rest; the Greek letters, also the hair, and the lines on the side compartments, are all of the same antique black, so that it is unquestionable that the inscription is of the same epoch as the covering."

We cannot quit this little work, without thanking the author for the valuable light he has thrown on the symbolical mysteries of the antiquities of Egypt; and to express our hopes that he will pursue his researches, since the subject can scarcely be in abler hands.

Arcita and Palamon; after the excellent Poet, Geoffrey Chaucer: by Edward Hovel Thurlow, Lord Thurlow. 8vo. pp. 113. London, 1822.

WHAT can induce Lord Thurlow still to attempt writing poetry, the lord only knows; it is certainly a very gen-

tlemanly, and with his lordship a very innocent employment; and we certainly entertain more respect for a peer who fails in being a poet, than for one who succeeds at the gaming table and the boxing ring. But his lordship cannot, we presume, be wholly indifferent to public opinion, and that opinion has so decidedly negatived his pretensions to poetic genius, that we are sorry to see him dare another rebuff.

His lordship, in the preface to this poem, tells us, that when he lived at Brussels, 'and had hardly any books,' he met by accident, in that city, with a copy of Chaucer's Poems, not for the first time we presume,—but, be this as it may, his lordship was so pleased with Chaucer, that he determined 'to translate the Knight's Tale,' that is, 'in somewhat altering the ancient language and rhythm of Chaucer.' We congratulate the noble lord on his complete success, for he certainly *has* altered the language and rhythm of Chaucer, and that so completely, that unless for the recollection of the subject, no one would ever suspect Chaucer to have laid the foundation of his lordship's feeble version, which exhibits a striking illustration of 'the art of sinking in poetry.' His lordship's performance is, however, so uniform, that, take a specimen where we may, there can be little danger of our being suspected of either partiality or prejudice in our choice. We will therefore take the visit of the Duke Theseus to Athens:—

"This duke, of whom I told you the renown,
When he was come almost into the town,
In all his welfare and his utmost pride,
And had his warlike lady by his side,
And all the happy people shouted far and wide,
Aware he was, casting his eye aside,
Where in the highway kneeled, two and two,
A company of ladies, fair to view,
Each after other, in black clothes array'd;
But such a cry, and such a woe they made,
None living, it may safely be aver'd,
Another such lamenting ever heard,
And of this cry they never stinted aught,
Till they the reins of the duke's bridle caught.

"Who are ye," said the duke, "that when I come

Thus with my lovely bride to Athens home,
To keep my feast and marriage in delight,
Thus clothe yourselves in weeds as black as

night,
And fell upon the ground, and wail and cry?

Do ye then envy my felicity?

Or who has done you any injury?

Tell it me straight, that I amend it may:

Why, cloth'd in black, thus wail ye on the

way?"

"The eldest lady of them all then said,
Lifting from off the ground her withered head,
But first she swooned with a deadly cheer,
Ah! it was pity both to see and hear;
She said,—

No matter what she said, since the spe-

cimen we have given will be sufficient to show into what able hands Chaucer has at length fallen; luckily, dead poets are no vampires, or we might expect them to play sad tricks for the injustice they sometimes suffer from translators, imitators, and commentators. We hope that Lord Thurlow will not again visit Brussels, or that, if he does, he will take a library with him, if it is for nothing but keeping him out of mischief; for should Shakespeare fall in his way, when he has nothing to do, he may be subjected to the same process as Chaucer, and, in all probability, would not escape half so well.

Journal of a Visit to some Parts of Ethiopia. By George Waddington, Esq.

(Concluded from p. 277.)

MR. WADDINGTON visited the antiquities of Argo, which are neither numerous nor very interesting. Here, says Mr. Waddington,—

‘There is a young Shiek, or Saint, who lived in a cottage near our tent, and visited us frequently—an intelligent looking boy, and well versed in the Koran; he fetches water for our servants, and is nephew of the King of Dongola. The title is *Shiek of Islam*, or Supporter of the Faith; the office and the holiness attending it is [are] hereditary. The Shieks of Islam are exempted from all bodily labour, and have a portion of land cultivated by others; they generally increase their income by writing charms. The tombs, which we have had so many occasions to notice, contain their bodies; not, however, that such habitations are necessarily built for all who die, but only for those whose conduct is considered, by their surviving brethren, to have deserved such an honour. All property left in the precincts of these tombs is protected by their sanctity, and so effectually, that I have frequently observed heaps of corn lying there, in the open air and by the roadside, as being thus placed in greater security than could have been afforded by the house of their possessor.

‘This boy is distinguished in appearance by a different arrangement of his hair, which is curled up close round the head, instead of hanging down in the manner usual with his unconsecrated countrymen.’

Of the power of the Kings of Dongola, we are told:—

‘These petty princes, who, under the titles of Shiek, Casheff, Mek, or Malek, have so long possessed and divided the banks of the Nile from Assouan to Sennaar, seem not to have been entirely despotic; and profess to consider themselves as placed in that situation by the will of God, to administer the justice of the Koran: the only law, as it is the only learning, of Mahometans. For murder, the king

may punish with instant death; for theft, he has only power to beat the culprit, though it would seem that his life is forfeited by a repetition of the offence. There is no gradation of punishment; mutilation, branding, or banishment are not heard of; nor is there any thing intermediate between the nabboot and death. The laws for securing the property of the subject seem to have been much less definite; nor could we ever get any clear account of them: for the protection of travellers, certainly none existed. When we have observed the curiosity with which Malek Tombol and his soldiers regarded, and even handled, some of our property, and the avidity they displayed to possess all, even to our very clothes, we have often congratulated ourselves on the protection afforded us by the name of Mahomed Ali, and the vicinity of his armies: without which, I do not believe that any attempt to explore these countries could have been successful.’

We have next an account of a Nubian minstrel:—

‘Malek Ibrahim having no taste for the parade of horsemen, muskets, and lances, with which Tombol delighted to be surrounded, travels more royally with a minstrel by his side. This honourable place is occupied by a boy of seventeen or eighteen, with an animated countenance and a rolling eye; he entertained the party assembled here yesterday evening by the performance of a long Nubian love song, which was translated by Ibrahim’s interpreter, verse by verse, into Arabic, and thence into more civilized languages. It seems to differ little from the Arabic songs so common on the same subject. After finishing this effusion, he turned to Mr. Hanbury, who was present, and somewhat suddenly began to sing, “May God bless and prosper the Aga, who has trampled upon our inveterate enemies; and happy is the day in which the Turks came into our country.” Here some of the audience suggested to him the propriety of introducing the praises of the Pasha; but the poet said that he knew nothing about the Pasha, and this led to a difference which seems unfortunately to have put an end to the whole performance.

‘It was succeeded by another of a very different description. A number of females presented themselves, and exhibited before the King some very indecent movements and attitudes, which they called the Dance of the Virgins; it was led off in this instance by the wife of a Mamelouk, who seems to have been somewhat out of place. I frequently saw it repeated afterwards; a corresponding motion of the chin and loins, attended by regular clapping of the hands, and certain wild and savage sounds, while the performers slowly and alternately advance and retreat, composes the graceless and disgusting exercise, in which it was painful to see any woman engaged, even the women of Nubia. On this occasion they enlivened their exertions by a chorus, formed seemingly

for the movements to which it was to be attuned, and the lips that were to utter it.—“We rejoice in the return of our King, newly crowned by the Pasha, and we will sing and dance, and sing and dance, till the sweat exhales from us, and forms a cloud over our heads.”’

On a visit to Malek Ibrahim, Mr. W. and his friend were received with shouts of joy, as there had been fears for their safety on account of robbers, who are said to haunt the mountain:—

‘The minstrel, whose voice and harp are ever most willingly exerted, and most agreeably attended to, amid scenes of festivity, seizes this occasion to extemporize on the alarm excited by our absence, and the interest taken by the Aga in the safety of his friend. “The soldiers are riding about the country in search of him; the Aga trembled for his friend, and drew the sword that was never quenched; the King was anxious about his guest, and if the Pa-ha, and even the great Pasha, had known it, they would have been equally agitated—but he,—of whom was he afraid, or where is the Sheygy’a who would dare to face his gun that has two souls, and his pistols that are all of gold?” The poetry was much admired, but, unhappily for the truth of the matter, the soldiers were drinking their boozza, and the Aga had never touched the unquenchable blade.

‘He afterwards sang the praises of the King his master,—“He is young and tall, and his sword is without knowledge; he mounts his horse, which bounds farther than the gazelles of the Desert; they brought him his lance, and he refused it; they brought him his gun, and he accepted it. He went to the Pasha, but not for revenge; for the good of his subjects he went, to secure their property.” He concluded by a short strain to the Aga, to whom he declared himself attached from the moment he first beheld his countenance.

‘These effusions came out in verses, each of four lines, apparently octosyllabic, though I sometimes observed that the fourth line was wanting, and its place in the air filled up by a hum, or merely the music of the instrument; all were sung to the same tune, which had nothing harsh or disagreeable in it, and was just sufficiently pleasant to be an excellent soporific: on this occasion the wine and the boozza, and the firing and the shouts, prevented that effect. We tasted here, for the first time, the liquor called Om Belbel, or the Mother of Nightingales; it seems different from that drunk at Berber under the same name; it was only the common boozza better strained, and mixed with palm-wine; in small quantities we found it extremely agreeable. King Ibrahim had a viceroy and secretary with him, who refused to enter into our conviviality because he was in mourning and a Fakir. The interpreter drank plentifully night and morning, and assured us that it was usual for the rich in these countries to take

a calabash of palm wine every morning on waking, instead of coffee. The King was temperate, and sufficiently civilized to prefer our cookery to his own; for which apostasy from Nubian prejudices he would have incurred the supreme contempt of his brother of Argo.

'We did justice to the hospitality here afforded us, and departed from the village much refreshed. "This is the spot," said Ibrahim in mounting, "where Zebeyr lately killed five of my children." We were horror-struck, and, calling for a better interpreter (the Genoese being for the moment employed in that capacity), we found that he only meant five of his subjects.'

Of Nubian astronomy we are told:

'The names of the stars are lamentably degraded by the Nubians, who seem to have sadly disregarded the "Poetry of Heaven." They have debased the Pleiades to a harrow, and Orion to a cow; the three little stars below the belt are the teats; the belt itself they call "the lightning stars." There is a little star a good deal to the left of Sirius, which they make the point of a spear, Sirius is the hand that is wielding it, and two stars below, a little to the right, are warriors' feet. A planet they distinguish by the name of "the traveller star."'

The number of wives possessed by the Nubians is not so remarkable as the facility with which they divorce and change them:—

'A singular illustration of this,' says Mr. W., 'presented itself to us some time afterwards between the cataracts. Floating down the river in the neighbourhood of Dakke, we were hailed by a female voice, crying from the shore, "Soldiers of the Sultan, come and see me justified." We were not deaf to such an appeal, and made the sailors row to the bank; however, the woman herself did not appear to plead her own cause, but stood at a little distance closely veiled; a man, who seemed to act as her counsel, informed us of the merits of the case.

'Last year a soldier, with some of his companions, was coming into a village near here, and a child, whom he passed, said to him, "Why do you not give us the salutation of peace? Are you come among us as an enemy, and not as a friend?" The soldier, irritated at being thus corrected by a child, began to beat the people, and at last killed one of them with a musket-shot: this man's widow was the plaintiff.

'Now the law of Nubia is, that the property of the deceased, if he leave a male child, goes to the widow; if a female, she is entitled to half of it; and if none at all, to one-fourth—the surviving brother takes the rest. The plaintiff was childless, and claimed the fourth, declaring that she had yet received nothing. As this was not a case of personal chastisement, and, therefore, beyond our jurisdiction, we sent the parties to the Sheik, who keeps the register of all the marriages in the dis-

trict, and by his decision the brother agreed to abide: for it appears that the lady had had four husbands, two of which were still living, and the disputed point seemed to be, whether she was lawfully married to the last.'

Mr. Waddington gives an interesting account of the temple of Soleb, which affords the lightest specimen he had seen of Ethiopian or Egyptian architecture, but we have already drawn so freely on this valuable work, that we must refer the rest to the reader, who will find an abundant source of gratification in this unassuming narrative.

The work is embellished with several admirable lithographic engravings, from original drawings of the antiquities of Nubia, &c., made on the spot.

The Magic Lantern; or, Sketches of Scenes in the Metropolis. 8vo. pp. 72. London, 1822.

PREVIOUS to the publication of the four sketches of which this 'Magic Lantern' consists, two of them were printed in the *Cunninge Advertiser*, with all the varieties of the puff prelude, the puff oblique, and the puff direct. They are now given to the world—no, not given, certainly, for the silly production, which is wretchedly got up as to its typography, is charged the very moderate price of five shillings. It may naturally be supposed that its sale is very limited; but the bookseller cunningly whispers that it is the production of a noble countess—in short, of the Countess of Blessinton. We certainly cannot but feel proud that individuals of distinguished rank and fortune cultivate literature, which of course is greatly dignified by the effusions of such individuals as Lord Thurlow and the Countess of Blessinton; we wish, however, they would have the good sense to conceal their names, or at least not so far over-estimate their talents as to charge five shillings for what is not intrinsically worth five pence, as is the case with the 'Magic Lantern,' which might well have been afforded for a shilling.

The sketches in the 'Magic Lantern' are four; first, the 'Auction,' in which there is some original silly gossip, and a great deal of mawkish sentiment, which is not original. Her ladyship gives but a very unamiable picture of fashionable life, and introduces the stale subject of dandies and exquisites very prominently. The second paper is the 'Park' on a Sunday; here her ladyship again introduces the dandies, coachmen with white wigs and laced liveries, Romeo Coates, an elder-

ly gentleman losing his hat and wig, milliners and their apprentices, 'ladies' maids in the *outré* cast-off finery of their mistress, and she concludes with an essay on seduction. Her ladyship, in the true spirit of aristocracy, expresses the utmost contempt for 'citizens who ride their own bits of blood, and apprentices who hire them for the day, and bestride them as they would their counters.' The drive in the park would not, of course, be complete without the Lord Mayor and some of the citizens: and our fair author thus introduces them:—

'Next follows the gaudy, but ill-appointed coach of some citizen, crowded almost to suffocation with his fat and flashy wife, and rosy cheeked smiling daughters, whose bonnets look like beds of tulips, and whose white handkerchiefs, applied frequently to their foreheads, mark, in spite of their smiles, the yielding softness of their nature, and shew them to be in the melting mood. This is succeeded by the smart turn-out of some pretender to fashion, who desired to have a carriage exactly like Lady H * * * 's, but wished to have a little more brass on the harness, and more fringe on the hammer-cloth:—the coach-maker has been most liberal of both, and the poor would-be fashionable sits perfectly happy, fancying that the smiles with which the gazers regard her gaudy equipage, and ill-drest self, proceed from pure admiration. The Lord Mayor's coach, with all the paraphernalia of mayoralty finery, next fills up the line, while the smug faces of my lord and lady, with their offspring, the embryo Lord Mayor or Lady Mayoress, form a group that might be painted as a personification of "Oh, the roast beef of old England!"

so visible are its nutritious effects on their countenances.

'A brown landaulet with red wheels now advances, the wretched horses of which seem scarcely able to bear the weight of plated harness under which they are literally bending; and, as if to increase their misery, the shabby rattle-trap is filled by a group that would require the pencil of Hogarth to paint:—in the centre sits an elderly gentleman, whose rubicund cheeks, fiery nose, and blue-black wiry locks and whiskers give him a striking resemblance to the Saracen's head, as portrayed on the stage coaches. On each side of him sits a comely sultana-looking dame, large, languid, and listless, affecting all the easy negligence of high ton, which is ludicrously contrasted by the absurd vulgarity of the carriage, and the whole set out. Five smiling babes, the images of their blushing sire, arranged in picturesque attitudes, complete the party within; but what pen can do justice to the coachman and footman? The threadbare broad-cloth livery, that was once white, faced with a colour meant to be scarlet, but much less vivid than the old

gentleman's countenance, made for men of tall stature, and now worn by such as are of comparatively dwarfish size, hired on job for a few weeks; the hats turned up all round, and totally bereft of the beaver that once covered them, strikingly evince the love of shew struggling with the parsimony and inherent vulgarity of the master. This turn-out excites universal derision, and the dandies declare that it must belong to some East India or Dublin Castle dubbed knight, who has tempted one of the fair dames by his side to become his wife, for the pleasure of being called my lady.

This being written by Lady Blessington, is of course very elegant and very amusing, and the citizens and East Indian knights must be much obliged by her very liberal and accurate description of them. The next sketch is the 'Tomb'—the Egyptian tomb, in which, among other equally probable conversation, her Ladyship introduces the following. It must be premised that her Ladyship is again among the dandies:—

"I have always thought," replied one of the exquisites, "these lines in Shakespeare very absurd, where he says—

'Loveliness

Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorned, adorned the most.'
For no fine woman ever looks half so well, as when she wears diamonds or other valuable ornaments." "I agree with you in opinion," answered the other beau, "but I am sure the quotation you have used is not to be found in Shakespeare." "I will bet you five guineas it is," said the first; "And," said another, "I will bet ten that neither of you name the poet from whose works it is taken." The first exquisite adheres to his original statement, that the lines are Shakespeare's: and the second declares his perfect conviction that they belong to Goldsmith. The ladies are called on for their opinions, and each of the three in turn, names, "Darwin," "Moore," and "Byron," as the author, though they profess to have forgotten the particular poem in which the verses occur. At last, the whole party agree to refer the wager to the decision of the Hon. Gen. P—pps, whose perfect acquaintance with the works of the immortal bard, and knowledge of all the poets, render him so competent to the task. Having the pleasure of knowing the general well, I could not forbear laughing, as I fancied the group exposing their ignorance to him, and his astonishment that, in our enlightened age, such ignorance could exist; while, with all the *bon hommeism* and good breeding for which he is so distinguished, he takes down from his book-shelf "The Seasons."

We do not know what the reader may think of the general's *bon hommeism*; but we suspect he will entertain no very favourable idea of the

bonne femmeism of her ladyship. The fourth and last sketch is the 'Italian Opera,' which has its dandies, and its country-folks, and a little mock morality, and some reflections on the English. We quote one passage:—

"I have seen a group, consisting of a country squire, his wife, and three bouncing daughters, attended by a young neighbour, the lover of one of the ladies, enter the pit of the Opera, fresh from their rural home, and smelling of vernal sweets. The old squire, a perfect picture of the good old times, and his wife, adorned in the showy finery of Cranbourne Alley; the daughters with cheeks looking "like strawberries smothered in cream," and heads covered with roses, as if Flora herself had showered them, so great was the profusion; the lover decked in the fashion of four summers gone by, and apparently as alarmed at the crowd around him as his female companions. Their entrance excites a general sensation among the beaux; the bluff looks and angry frowns of the father, and the alarm and shame visible in the countenances of the females, fail to check the rude staring and supercilious smiles with which they are regarded: their increased embarrassment only serves to excite fresh ridicule, and this inoffensive and respectable family, who came full of the anticipation of pleasure, find themselves exposed to treatment equally new and mortifying; and their whole evening is poisoned by the shame and annoyance which they feel.

"No nation talks so much of good breeding as the English, and certainly, in the aggregate, none practises it so little. We talk of the excessive *politesse* of the French, and dwell with self-complacency on our superior ease of manners. But let a female of any country visit any of the places of public amusement in Paris and in London, or be placed in any awkward *tracas* in each, and she will find a marked difference in their conduct. A Frenchman would see nothing to laugh at in the embarrassment that would afford so much mirth to one of our countrymen, but would immediately offer his assistance: daily observation furnishes us with examples of what the behaviour of an Englishman would be on such an occasion. I grant that the English may know good breeding, but the French practise it."

And here we conclude our review of the Magic Lantern, which, we think, our readers will agree with us, is a silly, flippant, and affected production; but, having now expressed our opinion freely of Lady Blessington's work, we must do her the justice to state that her ladyship gives the profit of it to some charitable purpose; and if this be her object in writing, we hope some bookseller may be found to purchase all her Magic Lanterns as fast as she can manufacture them in order that the pro-

ceeds may find their way to some of the subscriptions for the Irish, of which her husband is an active patron.

Original Communications.

DUTCH EPIC POEM.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—I forward you an account of a Dutch Epic Poem, which may be considered as somewhat of a literary curiosity: should it meet with your approbation, I shall be happy to see it in the pages of *The Literary Chronicle*.

I am, &c. M. M. J.

Kensington, April 4, 1822.

Friso, Roi des Gangarides et Prasiates: Poëme Epique, traduite de l'Hollandoise, &c.

Friso, King of the Gangarides and Prasiates: an Epic Poem, translated from the Dutch of William Barou Van Haaren. 2 vols. 8vo.

A Dutch epic, which possessed sufficient merit to bear translation into French, may be supposed to be not entirely without interest. The author, Van Haaren, was a noble Frieslander, whose reputation as a literary character extended to England during his life; but whose name is probably known to few of our readers, though it may be found in some biographical dictionaries. One of his productions, at least, appeared in an English dress; for, in the account of the Rise and Progress of the Gentleman's Magazine, lately printed by Mr. Nicholls, there is a letter from the imprudent and unfortunate poet, Samuel Boyce, to Mr. Cave, dated July 21, 1742, in the postscript to which he says,—"I send you Mr. Van Haaren's Ode on Britain," which, it seems, Boyce had translated. But in France our author met with more consideration; and even the cynical Voltaire addressed to him a copy of verses, in which he stiles him—

'Demosthene au conseil, et Pindare au Parnasse.'

This Frisic poet and statesman was born in 1700, and died in 1763. He was deputy from the province of Friesland to the States General. Besides the epic poem, which is the subject of this article, and other pieces in verse, he wrote a poem entitled Leonidas.

The poetry of our Dutch neighbours seems never to have attracted much attention in this country; and the names of Vander Goez, Vondel, Baart, Rotgaus, and Vander Vliet, sound almost as strange to an English ear as would those of the bards of China or Japan.

Not having the Dutch original of Baron Van Haaren's epic before us, we cannot pretend to point out the beauties of style and language which it may possess. But such an undertaking, if it were practicable, would probably fail to interest the reader, who may, however, be amused by an account of the fable and chief incidents of the poem, which will serve to give some idea of the author's taste and talent for invention.

The poet, after the example of Homer and Virgil, has chosen a national theme for the exercise of his abilities. Friso, the hero of the piece, is supposed to have given his name to the province of Friesland, as well as to the production of Baron Van Haaren's muse, of which he is of course the hero. This young prince is represented as being heir apparent to the kingdom of the Gangarides and Prasiates, in the East Indies, and to have lived in the time of Alexander the Great. Friso, after losing his father and his territories through the treason of Agrammes, fled from the royal city of Ganges, at the age of eighteen, followed by a part of his court and a small body of troops, who remained faithful to him. In his flight he met with Teuphis, his paternal uncle, who recollected his nephew though not recognized by him; Teuphis being supposed to be dead, as he had long before retired from the court of his brother Stavo, under whom he had held a share in the government. He is represented as a very virtuous man, a great philosopher, and a follower of the religion of Zoroaster. Joining his nephew, under the feigned name of Leonatus, he advises him to embrace the opportunity of embarking with his followers on board a vessel just about to sail for the island of Taprobana, now called Ceylon, offering to accompany him thither. This advice is accepted, and, during the voyage, Teuphis gives an account of the religious doctrines of Zoroaster, which serves to diversify the action of the poem.

On the arrival of the party at Taprobana, they fortunately discovered a conspiracy against the good king Charsis, whose greatest fault was his imprudent indulgence towards his son Chosroes and a courtier named Torymbas, who were the contrivers of the plot. In gratitude for this piece of service, Charsis promised to furnish Friso with military succours, that he might recover his paternal dominions; and he bound himself with an oath, also im-

precating judgments on his successors if they should refuse to fulfil his engagements, in case he should be prevented by death, a circumstance which his great age rendered not improbable.

Next follows the interesting history of Teuphis; of his ministry, of his first retreat from court, and of the extraordinary dream which determined him to make a journey to Tamasis, the city of the arts and sciences; of his return home, his services to the state, and the ungrateful return he met with from his royal brother; of his second retreat, the false report of his death, and his connection with the generous Sego, who became the victim of his friendly interposition; and, lastly, of the various treasons of Agrammes, who concluded them by the assassination of Stavo and the usurpation of his throne.

This recital is made to Charsis during the absence of Friso. On the morrow, that prince, Teuphis, and their companions in arms, joined the forces of Charsis. Then follows a description of the preparations for an engagement, and of the action that followed; in which Friso kills the perfidious Torymbas, and Teuphis, the son of the commander of the rebels, the centre of whose army being broken, they are completely defeated with great slaughter.

The effeminate and unworthy Chosroes, the son of Charsis, becomes jealous of the honour gained by Friso, and conceives a mortal hatred against him; and the old king, being informed of the baseness of his son, dies overwhelmed with age and misfortune, before the return of the victors.

After this, Agrammes, finding whether Friso had retreated, sends ambassadors to Magramma, the capital of Taprobana, to prevent the king from granting the promised succours. He succeeded in this attempt by means of the vast treasures which he sent, and also through the credit of Pasiphac, the wife of Chosroes, and as wicked as himself. Friso is informed of this by Magastes, who also gives him information of the fate of his mother, Queen Melita, who being the daughter of King Porus, her life had been spared for fear of his resentment; but she was detained in a secret prison, as an hostage. The people of Magramma, who hated Pasiphac and despised Chosroes, enraged at his violating the promise of Charsis, revolted in favour of Friso, and offered him the crown. He generously refused it, protected Chosroes, and, disengaging him from

his father's oath, merely required that he should be supplied with ships to convey himself and his followers to the dominions of his uncle Porus. Thus furnished they depart, but a storm arising, they are cast on the coast of Caramania, where they encounter the prince of the country, Orsines, who cultivated the religion of Zoroaster, and who, having submitted to Alexander, was suffered to retain his government on the conquest of Persia by that prince. Orsines takes Friso with him to his capital, Pasargada, and rewards him for his assistance in quelling a popular commotion with the hand of his daughter, the young and beautiful Atossa.

Here the author introduces the story of the attachment of Friso to this Persian damsel, which forms an agreeable and interesting portion of the poem.

Soon after the marriage, they received news of Alexander, a report of whose death had been circulated by the rebels. But he had returned in safety from India, after vanquishing Porus, already corrupted by success and by the flattery of those by whom he was surrounded. To this prince, however, Orsines presented his son-in-law, intreating the aid of his powerful interposition to reinstate him in his dominions. This Alexander promised; but, through the artful misrepresentations of the eunuch Bagoas, whom Orsines had offended, the king was induced to issue an order for the death of Friso and his beloved Atossa. The execution of this sentence was prevented by the friendship of Ptolemy and of Proculeus, a Roman senator, who occupied in the court of the conqueror of Persia the honourable office of a spy on his proceedings, and, being in danger of discovery, was just preparing to flee into Italy, whither he offered to take Friso and his party. They accordingly embarked on board the vessel, which was in readiness, and arrived in safety at Rome.

Next follows an account of the laws and government of the Romans, who were then at war with the Samarites, in the course of which contest Friso finds opportunities for distinguishing himself by his courage, as Teuphis does for displaying his skill and prudence in quelling a military tumult which followed.

After this Asco arrived at Rome, one of the companions of Friso, whom he had despatched from Caramania into India, to learn news of Porus, and also to sound the disposition of the Prasi-

ates, as to the return of their legitimate sovereign. The faithful Asco brought information of the death of Porus, and of that of Alexander at Babylon. He also told the prince, that the government of Egypt having fallen to the share of the friendly Ptolomy, he had offered the son of Stavo a share in his kingdom, till a favourable period should arrive for recovering the throne of his ancestors. Besides, he informed him whither Fortune had conducted the Queen Malita, his mother.

On receiving this intelligence, Friso determines to go in search of his mother, and then to join Ptolomy, in Egypt. On communicating his design to Papyrus, he is furnished with three vessels, under the command of Sulpicius. They successfully accomplished the first part of their voyage, reaching in safety Gadas, whither the Queen had been banished. The tender interview between the mother and son is here well described. Teuphis also now throws off his incognito, and makes himself known to his relatives. These interesting recognitions having taken place, they set sail for the dominions of Ptolomy. But Fate had decreed them a different course. On attempting to enter the Straits of Hercules, they were repelled by the east wind, and being driven far westward, a gale from the south sprung up, which drove them towards Britain, and on the thirteenth morning they discovered the shores of the Isle of Victis, or Wight. Here landing, they met with a man covered with a bear-skin, who, with haggard eyes, in a lamentable tone, begged for protection against the rage of a tyrant who pursued him. 'My name,' said he, 'is Argentorix; the isle before you is called Britannia, where the enemy of hospitality, the barbarous Canobellin, of whom I have the misfortune to be uncle, wields his iron sceptre over a ferocious people. Flee and deliver me from this prince and his subjects! Farther to the north-east I know a country where they respect the gods and humanity. Thither suffer me to conduct you.' While he spoke, they perceived afar off the glittering armour of the soldiers of Canobellin, sent to murder Argentorix. They received him on board and weighed anchor, in order to sail for the country he had recommended to their notice. The tyrant's soldiers returned to relate that they had seen Argentorix carried off by the goddesses of the seas, who had disappeared with him in the boundless ocean.

The remainder of the poem contains

an account of the progress of the voyage, the arrival of Friso and his companions in Friesland, and their settlement in that country. There is nothing in this portion of the narrative sufficiently interesting to attract attention beyond the limits of the native country of the author, who seems indeed to have been himself dissatisfied with the conclusion of his *Epopeia*. It first made its appearance in the original Dutch, in 1741, in twelve books or cantos. About ten years after it was translated into French; and at that time it seems Van Haaren meditated an alteration of the last three cantos, which he proposed to abridge, so as to reduce the poem from twelve books to ten.

The preceding sketch will shew that the Frisic bard was rather a servile imitator of classic models. His production, (to use a common figure of criticism,) may be placed on the same shelf with the *Henriade* of Voltaire, but not too near it.

ANECDOTES OF

THE 42nd. HIGHLANDERS.

WHEN the troops were sent to St. Vincent and had landed, the enemy were posted upon a high ridge or mountain, called the Virie, upon which they had erected four redoubts, stronger by the natural difficulties of the approach, than by the art displayed in their construction. The British took three of the redoubts, and, when about to storm the fourth, offered terms of capitulation to the enemy, which were accepted. Upon that day occurred an instance of the power of example and habit in exciting ferocity. A lad about seventeen was enlisted in the 42d; a few days after one of the soldiers was cut in the head and face in some horse play with his companions, in consequence of which his face and the front of his body was covered with blood; when the recruit saw him in this state, he turned pale and trembled, saying he was much frightened, as he had never seen a man's blood before. In the assault of these redoubts above-mentioned, when Colonel Stewart had leaped out of the second to proceed to the third, he found this very lad with his foot upon the body of a French soldier, and his bayonet thrust through from ear to ear, attempting to twist off his head. The colonel touched him on the shoulder and desired him to let the body alone. 'Oh, the brigand,' says he, 'I must take off his head.' When the colonel told him the man was dead

already, and that he had better go and take off the head of a living Frenchman, he answered, 'you are very right sir, I did not think of that,' and immediately ran forward to the front of the attack.

Lieutenant-Colonel Stirling, with the Queen's and 42d Regiment, was ordered on a foraging party into the Jerseys. In an excursion through the woods, a Highland soldier came unexpectedly in sight of an American, when their pieces happened to be unloaded. Each flew behind a tree to cover himself while loading, but fearing that the first who ventured out of cover would be brought down by the other side, kept possession of their trees, till at last the Highlander, losing patience, pushed his bonnet beyond the tree, on the point of his bayonet. The American shot his ball through its centre, when his opponent started forward and made him surrender instantly.

At the memorable siege of Bergen-op-Zoom, Captain Fraser, of Calduthel, an officer of the Black Watch, was a volunteer, as was also Colonel Lord John Murray. Captain Fraser was accompanied by his servant, who was also his foster-brother. A party from the lines was ordered to march and destroy a battery raised by the enemy; Captain Fraser accompanied this party, directing his servant to remain in the garrison. The night was pitch dark, and the party had such difficulty in proceeding, that they were forced to halt for a short time; as they moved forward, Captain Fraser felt his path impeded, and putting down his hand to discover the cause, he caught hold of a plaid and secured the owner, who seemed to grovel upon the ground. He held the caitiff with one hand and drew his dirk with the other, when he heard the imploring voice of his foster-brother: 'What the devil brought you here?'—'Just love of you and care of your person.'—'Why so, when your love can do me no good? and why encumber yourself with a plaid?'—'Master how could I ever see my mother had you been killed or wounded, and I not have been there to carry you to the surgeon or to Christian burial; and how could I do either without my plaid to wrap you in?' Upon inquiry, it was found that the poor man had crawled out upon his knees and hands, between the centinels, then followed the party at some distance, till he thought they were approaching the place of assault,

and then again dropped in the same manner upon the ground beside his master, that he might be near him unobserved. This faithful adherent had soon to assist at the interment of his master, who was killed by an accidental shot while looking over the rampart viewing the operations of the enemy.

Americana, No. VIII.

WE some time ago inserted two short pieces by an American bard, who writes under the signature of Florio, and who is called, on the other side of the Atlantic, the American Byron. We now insert another effusion of his muse from a New York paper of a recent date:—

TO CORA.

'Beyond the wave—beyond the wave,
Beyond the stormy ocean's roar,
Thy form hath found an early grave—
Thine eye is closed, to beam no more!
The clod hath fall'n, the turf hath press'd
Upon that lovely coffin'd form;
The shroud is wrapped around thy breast
With life and love no longer warm.
Yet o'er this solitude of soul,
Which round me sheds a spell malign,
Thy loved remembrance hath control,
And bids my spirit not repine;
But firmly bear the ills that spread
Their midnight o'er my destiny,
Where once the light of hope was shed—
The rainbow hope which glowed for thee.
Cora, thou wast not formed for earth,
So bright thy angel beauty shone,
So rich in innocence and worth,
That heaven has claimed thee for its own:
Yes, in that mild and sparkling eye
There was a light which led me on—
A bright inviting witchery
That waked for me, and me alone.
And, though that eye hath lost its ray,
Where death has gathered in his cloud,
Around thy cold and lifeless clay,
Enwreathed within the funeral shroud,
Though thou reposest in the dust,
Thy chord of frail existence riven,
It is my hope—it is my trust
Thy soul is blooming now in heaven!
'Aye—thou hast perished—and the sod
Grows in its freshness o'er the scene,
Where on thy bosom fell the clod,
And sorrow told that thou hadst been:
Nor did I hear the last farewell
Which thou didst breathe to love and me;
Nor did I hear the lonely knell
Which rung the requiem over thee!
There was a time my soul could burn
With ardour for the meed of fame—
Perchance that season may return,
And time renew that wasted flame;
Wilt thou be with me then to share
The pride and feeling of that hour?
Can the cold grave its bosom bare?
Or life renew the ruined flower?
Yet, be it so—'twere wrong to blame
Or murmur at the dread decree;
This lonely heart must share the same
Dark fate which early blighted thee:—
Alas, thou wast so fair, so young,
So beautiful in maiden bloom,

That all my hopes around thee hung,
And died, and withered on thy tomb!
Had I but dreamed, in times long past,
When gazing on that cheek so fair,
That death thus soon its hue should waste
And cold destruction riot there;
How deeply anguish would have spread
Its palid mantle o'er my brow—
How freely would this heart have bled
Whose drops of bliss are frozen now?
Yet, Cora, still my soul shall spring
For aye unalterably thine;
Nor e'er renew its offering
Before another idol's shrine.
Entombed with thee still be that love
Which unto thee in life was given;
Still may its fond remembrance prove
My charm on earth—my hope of heaven?
'Poughkeepsie, Jan. 25, 1822. 'FLORIO.'

Tears of Contrition.—A work has recently been published in the United States, entitled 'Tears of Contrition, or Sketches of the Life of John N. Maffit,' who is, by some of the transatlantic editors, called the 'second Whitfield.' In the work, the author relates the incidents of his life in a very peculiar style. Mr. Maffit, who has been often mentioned in the newspapers as a very eloquent and powerful preacher, was from Ireland, and landed, with his brother, in New York, in April 1819, where he experienced many difficulties, which led him to indulge in gloomy reflections, &c. While in the city, his brother attended a camp meeting in Hebron, and, on his return, told him to be of good courage—that there was an opportunity of his doing well as a preacher in Connecticut, to which state he advised him to go. Instead of adopting the ordinary phraseology which one brother would use in giving advice to another, Mr. Maffit says he was addressed by his brother, on his return from Hebron, in the following strain:—

'Up, go and possess thy Eden. Thou hast crossed the Red Sea and traversed the desert—behold, the little stream of Jordan rolls between. Fear not to launch away—pluck up fresh courage—gird up thy loins—address thyself to Sion's conqueror—view yon eastern shores—go, proclaim a Saviour's name, and let the starry pendant of the manger's God wave through Connecticut's farthest bounds.'

We cannot resist the wish to give a farther specimen of this celebrated preacher's style of writing; we therefore extract the paragraph immediately subsequent to the one above, in which, we think, he would be understood as having considered his brother's advice feasible, and that he adopted it as soon as possible:—

'Quick as the rapid stream which rushes o'er some deep mouthed rocky bed, I started from my couch, and drawing the glittering falchion from my bosom, that

had slept ingloriously at ease, and flying to the arms of Hope, she clasped me to her peaceful bosom, and spreading forth her broad and downy pinions, cut the air, till, within the peaceful woods of Thompson, I beheld the crowded tents of Israel's camp, and mingling with the happy throng, from the bending willows snatched my lone and silent harp, and touched the first strains which burst from a grateful heart.'

A little indulgence in a style like Mr. Maffit's, may be allowed, when writing about 'Tears of Contrition'; but in giving 'Sketches of Life,' it is presumed that most readers of judgment would prefer a mode of telling a story, in which plain matters of fact were not so liable to distortion and misrepresentation, as they certainly are by the figurative and flowery manner of Mr. Maffit.

Yankee lawyers' Charges.—The moderate charges of English Lawyers are completely eclipsed by their American brethren.—The following is the copy of a bill from a professional gentleman, delivered lately in Charleston:—

'Writing a will, 50 dollars; examining the records to see if property was mortgaged, which took twenty minutes, 30 dollars: crossing the river to examine into some property, 43 dollars, 75 cents: crossing the river, and going six miles to take a deposition, 100 dollars. Commissions, (exclusive of charges and fees,) thirty per cent.

'P. S.—Since writing the above, I find that recently a charge of 250 dollars has been made for writing a will, which took sixty minutes' time! The executors disputed the charge, and several lawyers, whose opinions were asked, said it was a regular charge!'

The writer does not say, whether pens, ink, paper, tape, &c. are included in the above.—*Pennyman Herald.*

Definition of Drunkenness.—A new and novel case in the annals of law occurred in this town on the 3d of December. The facts were substantially as follows:—

Abner Pierce, several months since, was, by the overseers of this town, placed upon the 'Drunken List,' according to the Act 'concerning the estates of habitual drunkards.' A few weeks ago, the said Pierce proceeded according to law, by appealing—whereupon the magistrate issued his *venire*, and a jury were accordingly summoned to be and appear before the said magistrate, on the 3d inst. On the day appointed the appellant appeared with his witnesses to shew that he was not an habitual drunkard within the meaning of Act. Three witnesses on his part were sworn, who stated, in substance, that they had been acquainted with him for

a number of years, and that they had seen him frequently and almost daily for the past year, and that they could not say he was drunk, but stated that they had, during that time, seen him 'merry,' 'well-to live,' and 'pretty well cock'd;' all of whom agreed in their testimony, that they had 'never seen him *so far gone* but that he could stand up.'

The overseers then produced their witnesses to prove that he was an habitual drunkard within the meaning of the said law, and, for this purpose, five persons, neighbours of the said appellant, were sworn, who concurred in their testimony, that they had been acquainted with him for a number of years, and that recently they had frequently seen him drunk and much intoxicated with liquor, insomuch that he was incapable of attending to his business. The case was then, upon the above testimony, by the direction of the court, submitted to the jury, who retired for half an hour, and returned with, as the foreman termed it, a '*special verdict*' in favour of the appellant, 'That it did not appear, from the testimony submitted to them, that the appellant had been intoxicated more than half of the time; and it was the opinion of the jury that a man could not be considered an habitual drunkard, unless he was drunk *more than half of the time.*'—*O tempora, O mores!*

Original Poetry.

BATTLE SONG

Of a German Soldier's Mistress.

Go forth! like the sun in his might;
Go forth! like the dawning of day:
May the plume of thy balm be the star of the
fight,
And thy brand be the flash of the fray.
I love thee, yet ne'er be it said
That love did thy spirit restrain;
I had rather behold thee a hero and dead,
Than a coward in life to remain.
Then 'Forward and fear not' thy battle-cry be,
'With glory return, or return not to me.'
I could joy o'er thy corse, tho' my tears
Should wash the sad wounds death had made;
For each crimson gash like a ruby appears
On the front, if it be but display'd.
But, oh! my soul never could bear
The thought that thou fledst from the foe;
One scar on thy back would awaken despair,
And give to my heart its death-blow.
Then 'Forward and fear not' thy battle-cry be,
'With glory return, or return not to me.'

I. E.

VERSES.

Oh tell me where's that maiden pure
Would love me for myself alone,
And I'd a world of woe endure
To call that maiden's heart my own.

Oh tell me where's that maid whose heart
Would sympathize in all my care,
And I would from the world depart
A lonely cot with her to share.

Oh tell me where's the maid whose eye
With soft affection's beam would glow,
Whose gentle breast would heave the sigh
Of pity for another's woe.

Oh tell me where's that maid whose cheek
Hath ne'er been to another's prest,
And I'd no greater pleasure seek
Than to repose me on her breast.

For such a maid, the treasures rare
That Indies boast would ne'er suffice;
Oh! for one ringlet of her hair,
Or one bright tear-drop from her eyes.

Then give me, Heaven, a maid like this
And I'd despise the monarch's throne,
And think it a far greater bliss
To call that maiden's heart my own.

SAM SPRITSAIL.

INVOCATION

*Of a departed Spirit, written at Midnight in
an Apartment said to be haunted.*

In this lone chamber, at dread midnight's hour,
When spirits take their rounds, and spells have
pow'r

To call them from their graves and shadowy
halls,

On thee, dead Michael, a bold mortal calls!
Bids thee shake off Death's lethargy, and here
In the grave's sad habiliments appear.

Sleep's dreamy reign is on, and ev'ry eye
Is shut from commune with reality:

The time is fitting, for the blasts are loud,
And o'er the moon, cloud rushes after cloud

In quick succession, as they fain would screne
Some midnight deed,—some sanguinary scene,

Such as, 'tis said, disturbs thy spirit's rest,
And dooms thee still to wander from the blest—

A soul proscib'd,—denied the grave's repose,
Man's gloomy refuge from a world of woes:—

If some red deed was done while life was thine,
For which thy spirit now is doom'd to pine;

Or if the hand of murder smote thy breast,
And hope of vengeance breaks thy coffin'd rest,

Here let thy form appear, and here be told
Whate'er thy burthen'd spirit would unfold!

Here in this chamber where the deed, 'tis said,
Was done, which drives thee from the peaceful
dead:

Here, where strange noises and strange sights
have been

By fearful inmates at dread midnight seen;
Where sanguinary stains defile the floor,

Perchance thine own or helpless victim's gore.
Hither I call thee, fearless and alone,

If guilty, by confession to atone;
Or, if the victim of another's deed,

Thou fain would'st see thy dark assassin bleed
At the stern foot of justice,—hither come

From the still chambers of the murky tomb!
Here, where the deed was done, the deed dis-

close,
And justice, soon, shall grant thy soul repose.

Doctors' Commons. Y. F.

Fine Arts.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE fifty-fourth Exhibition of the Royal Academy opened on Monday, and although we have been able to give but a very cursory glance at the

numerous pictures which it contains, yet we cannot suffer them to pass unnoticed, although our remarks for the present week must be general. There are, in all, 1049 pictures, drawings, models, &c.: of these 65 are sculpture, and include a delightful bust by Chantry; a fine groupe—'Satan overcome by St. Michael,' by Flaxman; 'A Sleeping Child,' by the same artist; a charming statue in marble of 'Eve at the Fountain,' by E. H. Baily; and, what is somewhat singular, another statue, on the same subject, by Rossi. Westmacott has a groupe, in marble, 'intended to illustrate the benevolence of a lady whose house was an asylum to necessitous travellers;' the same excellent artist has also a very fine Psyche. Joseph has several models; and C. M. Westmacott has a bust of J. P. Kemble, Esq. the only one we recollect to have seen of that gentleman, and which, by its fidelity, strongly calls to recollection that delightful actor.

In the Library there are 142 architectural drawings, medallion portraits, models in ivory, &c. It is much to be regretted that, in a country and in a metropolis where there is more employment for architects than in half the capitals of Europe, we should make so little progress in this branch of the arts, that all our public buildings are disgraceful to our national reputation. There are, however, numerous candidates, and we trust that a better taste will soon become prevalent. The architectural drawings of this year are, we think, more numerous than those of last year, and of superior character. Mr. Soane has three drawings—one, a design shewing part of the exterior and interior of the Bank of England; and the two others of a house in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. Gandy has a plan of Lancaster Prison, now building under his directions; and there are several productions of other less distinguished exhibitors, highly deserving of notice.

Among the paintings, portraits predominate, and, we suspect, always will, in the exhibition, unless the number admitted were limited; and this is certainly not likely to be the case while the President of the Royal Academy is a portrait painter. Sir Thos. Lawrence has eight pictures, including portraits of his Majesty, the Dukes of York, Wellington, and Bedford, Count Woronzow, Mrs. Littleton, and the Countess of Blessington, by far the most beautiful and lovely portrait in the exhibition. Sir Thomas has also a sweet sketch, 'Little Red Riding Hood.'

Mr. Phillips has portraits of Sir B. Hobhouse, Bart., Sir Chas. Asgill, Lady Anne Beckett, and some other persons. They are executed with much care, and, as far as we know the originals, with much truth.

Mr. Shee has several well-finished portraits, of which the only public characters are, the Right Hon. John Hookham Frere, and Mr. Spring Rice, M. P. They are well calculated to sustain the artist's reputation for fidelity of resemblance and neat and careful execution.

Sir Wm. Beechey has some good portraits; among them are those of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, and the Princess Alexandrina Victoria.

We have not room to enumerate the remainder of the prominent portraits entitled to observation: but among them are several by Mr. Raeburn, Mr. Drummond, Mr. Jackson, Mr. W. Ward, Mr. A. E. Chalon, and several other experienced artists. The students, too, give promise of much excellence in this department of the arts. Mr. W. Ross, Mr. Leahy, and some others, have been very successful.

Wilkie has but one picture, but it is a *chef d'œuvre*: it represents 'Chelsea pensioners receiving the London Gazette Extraordinary, announcing the battle of Waterloo.' We have not room for remark at present, and shall only insert a brief description, in order to point it out to the particular notice of our readers: it represents an assemblage of pensioners and soldiers in front of the Duke of York public-house, Royal Hospital Row, Chelsea. The light horseman (on the left) has just arrived with the Gazette, and is relating further particulars to his comrades, among whom is a Glengary Highlander, who served with Gen. Graham (now Lord Lyndoch) at Barossa. The Gazette is in the hands of an old pensioner, a survivor of the seven years' war, who was at the taking of Quebec with Gen. Wolfe, and is now reading aloud to his companions the details of Waterloo. Opposite to him is a black, one of the band of the 1st regiment of Foot Guards, who was in France during the revolution, was present at the death of Louis XVI. and was afterwards servant to Gen. Moreau, in his campaigns in Germany, during the revolutionary war. Next to the black, in a foraging dress, is an Irish light horseman, explaining the news to an old pensioner, who was with Gen. Elliott during the memorable siege of Gibraltar; and, behind the black's head, is that of a sol-

dier, who served with the old Marquis of Granby. Further to the right, is a corporal of the Oxford Blues, who was at the battle of Vittoria; and at his feet is a black dog, known to the officers and men, by the name of 'Old Duke,' who followed that regiment all over the Peninsula.

The venerable Northcote has two historical pictures; one represents the Princess Bridget Plantagenet, fourth daughter of King Edward IV.; who, when very young, was consigned to the care of the abbess of the Monastery of Dartford, where she afterwards became a nun; and, spending her life in devotion and contemplation, was buried in that convent in the early part of the reign of King Henry VIII. The other represents 'The Burial of Christ.'—They are both pictures of great merit.

Mr. Howard has some classical pieces from Shakespeare and Byron. Cooper, besides some portraits of races, has two historical subjects; and Calcott has a clever picture representing smugglers alarmed by an unexpected change from hazy weather.

We are sorry that our limits prevent us from noticing these works more in detail at present; but this we shall do next week. We shall also give an early notice of the 'Exhibition of Water Colours,'—'Mr. Glover's Exhibition,'—'Mr. Hall's Picture of the Two Marys at the Sepulchre,'—and 'Mr. Ward's Group of Cattle;' all of which we in the mean time strongly recommend to every lover of the Fine Arts, as all afford a rich source of the highest and most refined gratification.

The Drama.

KING'S THEATRE.—The new opera of *Pietro l'Ermita*, written, as we stated when it first came out, for an oratorio, and in which the original personages were the inspired of holy writ, and their chorusses addressed to the Deity, has, notwithstanding its immoral, we had almost said blasphemous, transformation, been completely successful at this theatre. We do not know whether the pieces produced at the King's Theatre are subject to the censorship of the Lord Chamberlain or not; but we are persuaded that if such a production had been presented for his sanction by one of the winter or minor theatres, it would at once have been prohibited. We are aware, that in Catholic countries, religious subjects are still permitted to be dramatized, but it is not so in this country,

nor ought it to be permitted even in a foreign language. The latitude of opera is already sufficiently great either for amusement or variety, without the public being disgusted with the impieties of *Pietro l'Ermita*.

The ballet at this theatre is admirably conducted. On Saturday night the popular ballet of *Les Pages du Duc de Vendome* derived a valuable accession in the person of Mademoiselle Noblet, who, for the first time, sustained the character of the principal page.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—Mr. Braham, in himself a host, draws good audiences every night he performs at the theatre. On Saturday, after the opera of the *Siege of Belgrade* had been performed, in which Braham executed the songs of Carlos with all his wonted spirit, a sort of unfortunate altercation took place between the manager and the audience. The farce of *Modern Antiques*, which had been announced, was omitted on account of the indisposition of Munden, and the actors began *Monsieur Tonson* amidst loud hissing. Mr. Cooper, who, by a recent regulation, has been made the mouth-piece of the manager, (an office now nominally held by Mr. Elliston, in addition to his multifarious occupations,) came forward, and made the singular mistake of remonstrating, instead of apologizing: he declared his astonishment at the displeasure of the audience, and asked if bills had not been posted announcing the change of the performance? The audience were not satisfied, and Mr. Elliston, who had been repeatedly called, addressed the house in most unguarded terms: he said,—'The public apology made by Mr. Cooper had been received by the sensible part of the audience.' Here he was very properly interrupted, as he was in every attempt at explanation, until he appealed to the good nature of the audience, when the farce was permitted to go on. We hope that this occurrence will teach, what Mr. Elliston and Mr. Cooper ought both to know, that to treat an audience with respect is the only means of obtaining it, and that all assumptions of authority and consequence are in such cases sadly misplaced.

On Wednesday, that deservedly favourite actor, Harley, took for his benefit the opera of *Love in a Village*. Mr. Braham represented Hawthorne, and sung with his usual excellence. He introduced several popular melodies, among which 'Friend of my soul, this goblet sip,' was loudly encored.—

Mrs Forde acted Rosetta better than she sang it; she is, however, a very promising young lady. Harley played Deborah Woodcock, and was, both in his dress and style of conversation, eminently ludicrous. He introduced a new comic song, entitled 'The Youthful Days of Deborah Woodcock,' which excited considerable laughter. The farce was O'Keefe's *Farmer*, which was followed by a vocal concert that presented abundant attractions. The house was, we are happy to say, crowded in every part.

Literature and Science.

Miss Porden, the elegant author of the 'Veils,' and the 'Arctic Expedition,' has in the press a new poem in sixteen books, entitled 'Cœur de Lion, or the Third Crusade.'

On the Distillation of Spirits from Grain, and on the Water most conducive to Fermentation. By M. Dubrunfaut, of Lille.—It is an opinion generally admitted in theory and in practice, that rain or river water is the most proper to produce a good fermentation. Those who have broached a different theory have contended that all sorts of waters, provided they are potable, are fit for the purpose. The first of these two opinions, although perhaps more unreasonable than the other, yet being founded on the greater purity which rain and river waters seem to the eye to possess, has prevailed for a long time unquestioned in many distilleries, where well or spring water would not be used without scruple.

This predilection, which I shall immediately show to be erroneous, has its origin in a false application of chemical theory. Indeed, when the delicate operations of analysis, and when the scrupulous manipulations of colours require a water quite pure, and quite disengaged from every calcareous salt foreign to the results required, this may be readily conceived; but to extend this precaution to other operations of art, upon a simple probability and without examination, would be to fall into a similar error of prejudice to that which we have just been condemning.

The distillation of spirits from grain, which appears to have reached its greatest perfection in Germany, and particularly in Holland, is become now an important auxiliary to our agriculture, especially in the departments on the north and east sides of France.

French Flanders, which inherits in this branch of industry the long prac-

tice of the Dutch, possesses distilleries where they extract regularly 55-60, and even 65 litres of spirits at 19° from a quintal of barley. This statement may seem exaggerated to the distillers of the east and the interior, who do not obtain on an average more than from 40 to 44 litres from the same quantity of grain, and some scarcely from 30 to 35; but it is confirmed by the experience of a great many distilleries. Perhaps there is no art which presents anomalies more remarkable.

It would be curious to trace minutely the causes of these differences; but practice has got so much the advance of theory in this species of manufacture, that we are still forced to reason about it with much timidity. The fact which I am going to mention as explanatory of these differences, appears to me however sufficiently conclusive, and, without pretending that it is the only cause, I believe it will be found at least the principal one.

Filled with chemical doctrines, I was surprised, on frequenting the premises of our distillers, to see them sinking at a great expense vast pits to procure water, when they might have supplied themselves cheaply from the river which flowed close by. I asked them the cause of their preference; but, without being able to explain it to me, they all agreed in answering that they still remembered too well the loss they had suffered from the employment of river-water ever to try it again. One person more observant, whom I interrogated upon the quality of water best adapted for fermentation, answered that it was that which flowed over pebbles.

I had here a ray of light. I recollected the means which Higgins had already pointed out to the planters of Jamaica, to prevent the acid fermentation, and I had no doubt that our well-water charged with carbonate of lime, held in solution with the aid of an excess of carbonic acid, might have the same effect on the process of our distilleries, as calcareous stones have less efficaciously on the fermenting processes of the Jamaica planters. In fact, this carbonate being dissolved, is disseminated equally through the whole vat, and it is thereby the readier to act on the molecules of the acid, which develop themselves so easily in a very dilute fermentation, and may prevent more completely the progress of that acetous fermentation so much dreaded by distillers.

I do not hesitate a moment in indi-

cating this circumstance as an important cause of the great superiority of our distillers; and to this I am the more induced, since experience proves that they have never drawn more than from 40 to 44 litres, and often less, from a quintal of barley, where they have persisted in employing river-water for fermentation.

Poisoning by Oxalic Acid—Scarcely a week passes without the melancholy occurrence of some death occasioned by swallowing oxalic acid, or acid of sugar, which had been sold in a mistake by some chemist's young apprentice or shop-boy, instead of Epsom salts, which it resembles in appearance. The most deadly poisons, such as arsenic, corrosive sublimate, sugar of lead, &c. have not caused half the number of untimely deaths, within the same period of time, as this comparatively mild, though dangerous, chemical preparation. The reason is obvious. The former poisons resemble nothing else sold by the apothecary, and are therefore not likely to be mistaken; besides that, they are not sold but knowingly, and for desperate uses: the latter, from the facility with which it is obtained in any quantity from the druggist, is in common use among ignorant persons, servants, and others, for cleaning leather, &c. It is, indeed, inconceivable that this mistake should occur even under the most remiss inattention on the part of the seller. Oxalic acid should not be sold but in very small quantities,—a quarter of an ounce at a time, for instance; and should be always kept secure and apart from all other drugs. It is dangerous rather by excess in quantity than specifically poisonous: and, in this view, it is in some degree analogous (but more in degree of danger) to the nitrate of potass or of saltpetre—a salt, the pure crystals of which bear nearly the same similarity to those of the sulphate of soda, or glauber salt, as the oxalic crystals bear to those of epsom salt. No chemist is morally or legally excusable, who can be guilty of so flagrant an error as to issue oxalic acid, or any other deadly poison, by mistake for another article; or leave it in the power or discretion of any tyro in his shop to do the like. When a person has unfortunately swallowed oxalic acid, water or lime-water should be drunk freely, and vomiting produced instantly, by a feather pushed down the throat, until the contents of the stomach are entirely evacuated. Calcined magnesia and copious diluents should then be given. If mag-

nesia is not at hand, chalk and water, or soap and water, should be substituted, in *considerable* quantities, or as long as the irritation continues. Persons who are in the habit of buying oxalic acid should keep it in a small phial closely corked up, and marked 'Poison,' and should, moreover, put it in a *secure* place, instead of leaving it loosely in a paper parcel, within the reach of children or servants.

The Bee.

*'Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,
'Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta.'*

LUCRETIVS.

It happened after dinner one day, that Charles Fox, when about 13 years old, came home from Eton-school. His father was delighted to see him; and 'Well, Charles,' said he, 'do you bring any news from Eton?' 'News! None at all! Hold! I have some news. I went up to Windsor to pay a fruit woman seven shillings that I owed her; the woman stared, are you son to that Fox, that there Fox that is member for our town? Yes, I am his son. Po! I won't believe it; if you were his son, I never should receive this money.' Mr. Fox laughed heartily; 'And, here Charles; here's a glass of wine for your story.'

A Diligent Thief.—A singular circumstance once occurred to the late Recorder of London.—On taking his seat in the Old Bailey Court, one morning, he remarked, in the course of conversation with the Common Serjeant, that he had left home in so great a hurry, that he had forgot to bring away his watch. In a few minutes afterwards a messenger was dispatched to fetch the watch, who, on inquiring for it at the house, was told that a person had just been on the same errand, to whom the watch, with its appendages, was delivered. It appeared that some diligent thief had availed himself of the conversation between the Recorder and the Common Serjeant, to out-strip in his speed Sir John Silvester's more tardy Mercury.

The White Doe.—Mr. Wordsworth founded his poem of the White Doe on the following circumstance. Not long after the dissolution of the monasteries, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, a white doe long continued to make a weekly pilgrimage from Rylstone over the fells of Bolton, and was constantly found in the Abbey Church Yard during divine service; after which she returned home as regularly as the rest of the congregation.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

'The Battle,' in our next.

The favours of L., E. B., Samuel, Mac, † †, and H. L., have been received and shall have early insertion.

We thank Momus for his hint.

J. R. is informed that the 'Prisoner, a fragment,' has already had the honour to which its merits did not entitle it—it has been in print, a sufficient reason for our rejecting it.

* * By the Parliamentary Return of Stamps used for weekly publications, it would appear that, during a whole year, 1500 stamps only have been used by the *County [Country] Literary Chronicle*: we need scarcely observe that this statement unexplained is likely to mislead our friends—to our disadvantage; fortunately, however, it is easy to clear up the matter. It is true that we have had FROM the Stamp Office ONE PARCEL ONLY of 1500, our regular supply having been received from a wholesale dealer; which is the case with several newspapers as well as our's. The principal way in which the Stamp Office *ex parte* statement could injure us, would be with advertizers; here, however, we are, in a certain degree, safe, for, although we are anxious for advertisements in our *unstamped* edition, than which no paper is more eligible for reputable advertizers, we desire none for the stamped edition; and, when we do insert them, it is only after they have appeared in our first edition, when we charge the *duty* only. It is not a little vexatious to have such statements appear, but the above explanation we presume is due to us, and we trust will be deemed satisfactory.

Advertisements.

THE EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS is NOW OPEN, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

COPLEY FIELDING, Sec.

Admittance, One Shilling; Catalogue, Sixpence.

This Day was published, in royal quarto, price 1l. 5s. plain in boards, and 1l. 11s. 6d. col. Dedicated by Permission to His Majesty, A **CELESTIAL ATLAS**, comprising a Systematic Display of the Heavens, in a series of thirty Maps, (beautifully engraved by Neele and Son,) illustrated by Scientific Descriptions of their Contents, and accompanied by Catalogues of the Stars and Astronomical Exercises.

By ALEXANDER JAMIESON, A. M. Author of a Grammar of Logic and Intellectual Philosophy, a Grammar of Rhetoric and Poetic Literature.

This Celestial Atlas, whether considered as to the Scientific and Classical Knowledge it communicates, the combination, multiplicity, variety, and accuracy of its details, cannot fail to recommend itself, by its general utility, to all classes of readers.

Also, by the same author, a GRAMMAR of GEOGRAPHY and ELEMENTARY ASTRONOMY, for the use of Schools and Private Instruction, price 3s. 6d. bound.

London: published by G. and W. B. WHITTAKER, Ave-Maria-lane; T. CADELL, Strand; N. HAILES, Museum, Piccadilly; and sold by all Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

Advertisements.

LITERARY FUND SOCIETY.

THE THIRTY-THIRD ANNUAL Meeting of this Society will be held at Freemasons' Tavern, on Tuesday, May 21, 1822, His Royal Highness the DUKE of York in the Chair.

The President, Vice-Presidents, Council, Committee, Stewards, and Subscribers, will feel honoured and gratified by the company of Visitors who are lovers of literature, and friends to the principle of the Society—that of alleviating literary distress, and relieving the widows and orphans of Authors, left in penury.

PATRON: His Majesty, THE KING.
PRESIDENT: His Grace the D. of SOMERSET.

VICE-PRESIDENTS:

Marquess of Hastings, K. G.	Sir Robert Peel, Bart.
Earl Spencer, K. G.	Sir W. Weller Pepys, Bart.
Earl of Chester.	Sir Ben. Hobhouse, Bart.
Earl of Mountnorris.	Owen Williams, Esq. M. P.
Viscount Torrington.	C. Harvey, Esq. M. P. F. S. A.
Viscount Dudley and Ward	J. Symonds, Esq. F. R. S. & F. S. A.
Lord Brandon.	J. Ansley, Esq. Alderman.
Lord de Dunstanville.	Thomas Rowcroft, Esq.
Lord Carrington.	Wm. T. Fitz Gerald, Esq.
Sir William Clayton, Bart.	
Sir J. Cox Hippisley, Bart.	

STEWARDS:

Right Rev. Lord Bp. of St David's.	Thomas Campbell, Esq.
Right Hon. Ld. Macdonald	George Colman, Esq.
Right Hon. Lord Gwydir.	Archibald Constable, Esq.
Rt. Hon. Lord Nugent, M. P.	Thomas Gent, Esq.
Rt. Hon. Ld. J. Russell, M. P.	Frederick Wm Hope, Esq.
Sir J. E. Swinburne, Bart.	Henry Neele, Esq.
Rt. Hon. Robt. Peel, M. P.	Thomas Moore, Esq.
C. Tennyson, Esq. M. P.	James Smith, Esq.
R. Blanshard, Esq. F. S. A.	Dawson Turner, Esq. F. R. S.
William Bowles, Esq.	George Whittaker, Esq.
Rev. William Lisle Bowles.	Matthew Wyatt, Esq.

* * Dinner on Table at Six precisely.

Tickets, 20s. each, to be had of the Stewards; of the Clerk and Collector, at the Society's Chambers, No 4, Lincoln's Inn Fields; and at the Bar of the Tavern.

The Annual Subscription is One Guinea, and upwards: a Donation of Ten Guineas, or upwards, constitutes a Subscriber for Life.

Lately published, price 3s. 6d. bds.

CASES Illustrative of the TREATMENT of DISEASES of the EAR, both local and constitutional, with practical Remarks, relative to the DEAF and DUMB,

By J. H. CURTIS, Esq.

Aurist to his Majesty, and Surgeon to the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear, &c.

Printed for T. and G. UNDERWOOD, 32, Fleet Street.

'The Profession, we conceive, are indebted to Mr Curtis, for the persevering spirit with which he cultivates the Study of those Diseases affecting the Organ of Hearing, which, from their obscurity and intricacy, can only be properly treated by a person entirely devoted to the subject.'—London Medical and Physical Journal, March, 1822.

'The Cases detailed by Mr. Curtis, are Fifty-Eight in number, and the Treatment appears to be judicious, simple, and successful.'—Medico Chirurgical Review, March, 1822.

London:—Published by J. Limbird, 355, Strand, two doors East of Exeter Change; to whom advertisements and communications for the Editor (post paid) are to be addressed. Sold also by Souter, 73, St. Paul's Church Yard; Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court; H. and W. Smith, 42, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, and 192, Strand; Booth, Duke Street, Portland Place; Chapple, Pall Mall; and by the Booksellers at the Royal Exchange; and by all other Booksellers and News-vendors.—Printed by Davidson, Old Boswell Court, Carey Street.